OBJECTIONABLE 1950s EC COMICS!

CRIME

NO. 9
NOV

CRIME SUSPENSTORIES

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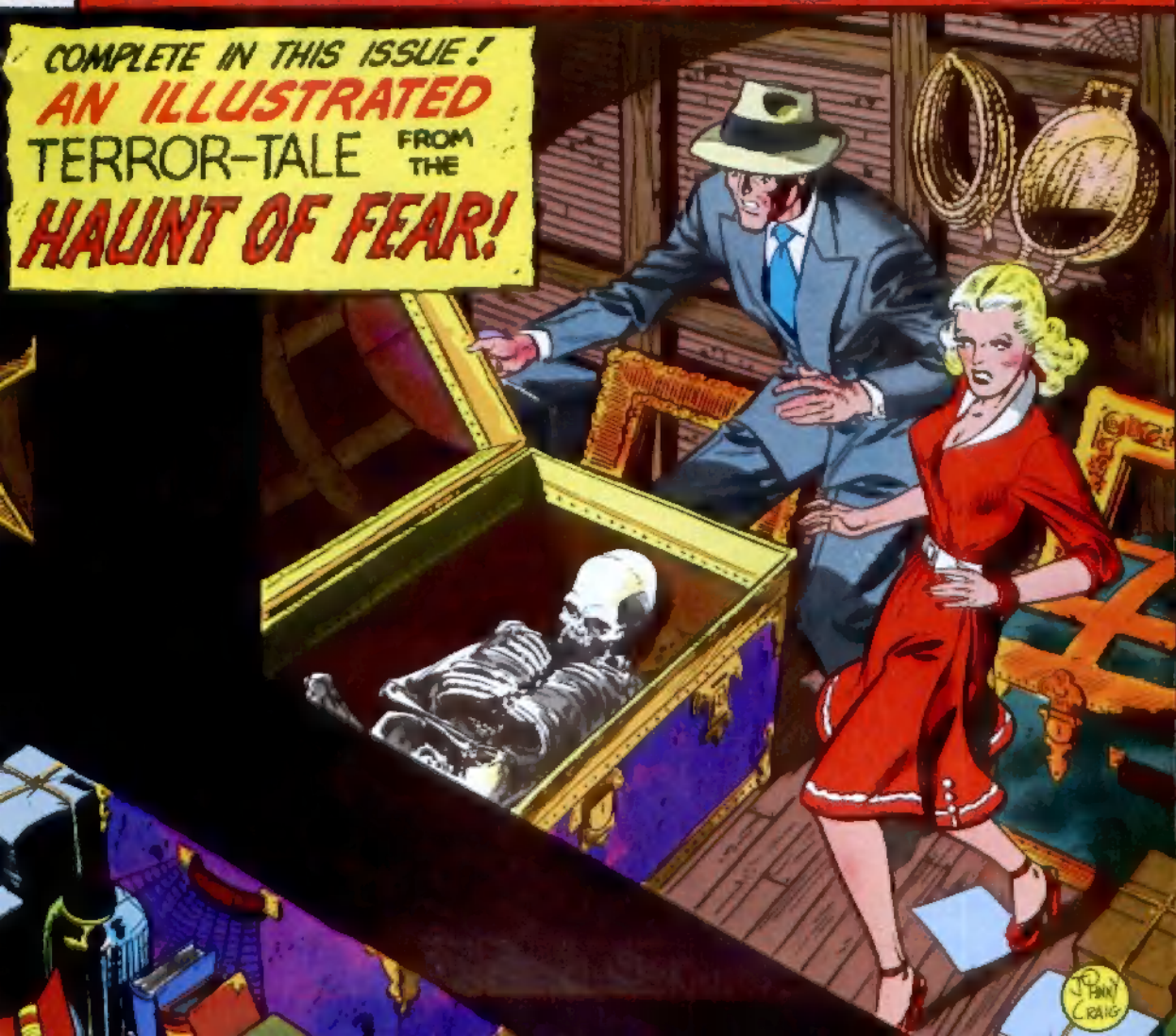
CANADA

COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE!
AN ILLUSTRATED TERROR-TALE FROM THE HAUNT OF FEAR!

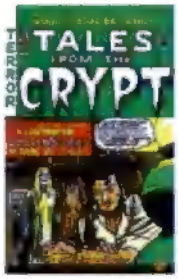


BACK ISSUES!!

THE COMIC YOU HOLD IN YOUR HANDS IS PART OF THE CHRONOLOGICAL, FACSIMILE REPRINTING OF THE **FAMOUS** (AND INFAMOUS!) **EC COMICS** LINE OF THE EARLY 1950s! WE STARTED WITH THE **FIRST ISSUE** OF EACH TITLE AND ARE ON OUR WAY TO THE **BITTER END!** GET ON THE BANDWAGON, AND **FILL IN THE GAPS** IN YOUR COLLECTION FROM THIS BACKLIST!!

CRYPT #1

CRYPT #2



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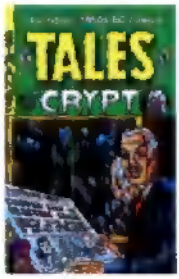

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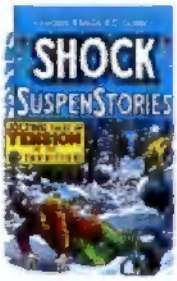
SHOCK #1

SHOCK #2



SHOCK #3

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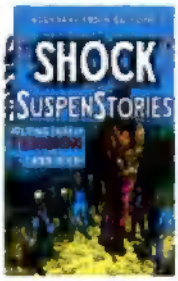

SHOCK #5

SHOCK #6

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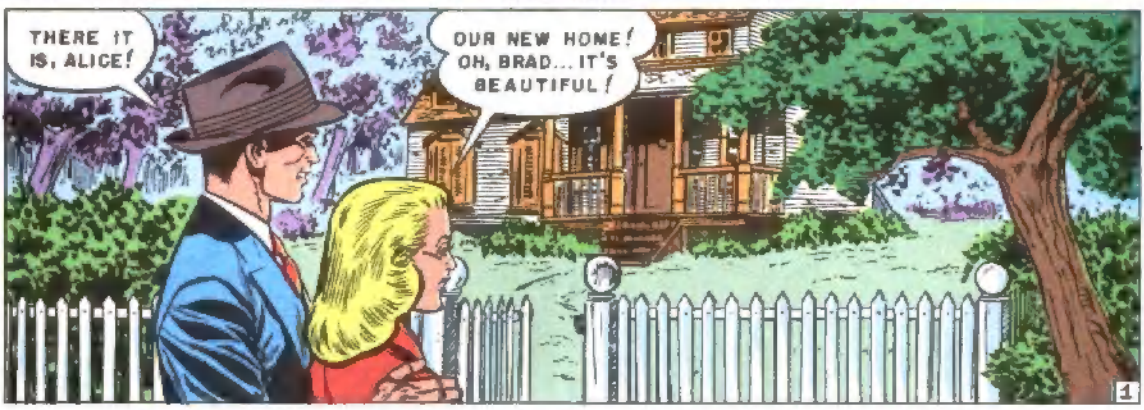
UNDERSTUDY TO A CORPSE!



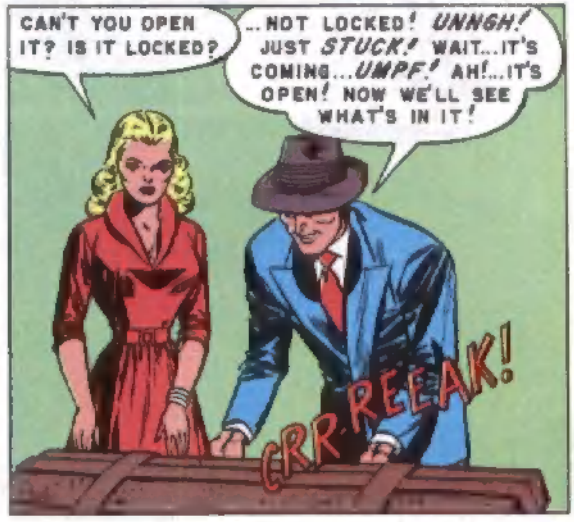
THE REAL ESTATE MAN SAID IT HASN'T BEEN LIVED IN FOR TEN OR TWELVE YEARS!
IT'S JUST *PERFECT!* I WANT TO SEE EVERY BIT OF IT... FROM TOP TO BOTTOM... RIGHT NOW!

FROM TOP TO BOTTOM? OKAY! THEN LET'S START WITH THE ATTIC!
WONDERFUL! LEAD THE WAY!

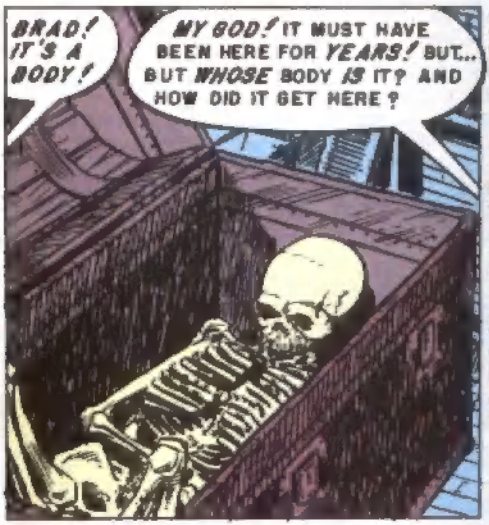
KINDA SPOOKY UP HERE! NOT FRIGHTENED, ARE YOU?
NOT A BIT!

WELL, HERE IT IS! LITTLE MUSTY, DON'T YOU THINK?
YES! BUT WE'LL FIX ALL THAT AFTER WE MOVE IN!

OH, BRAD! LOOK AT THIS TRUNK OVER HERE! I WONDER IF THERE'S ANYTHING IN IT!
HA! HA! SURE THERE IS... A FABULOUS *TREASURE!*


CAN'T YOU OPEN IT? IS IT LOCKED?
...NOT LOCKED! *UNNGH!* JUST *STUCK!* WAIT...IT'S COMING...*UMPF!* AH!...IT'S OPEN! NOW WE'LL SEE WHAT'S IN IT!
CRR-REEEAK!

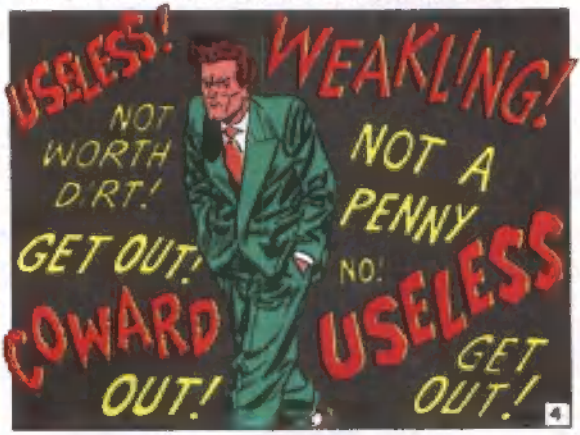
2



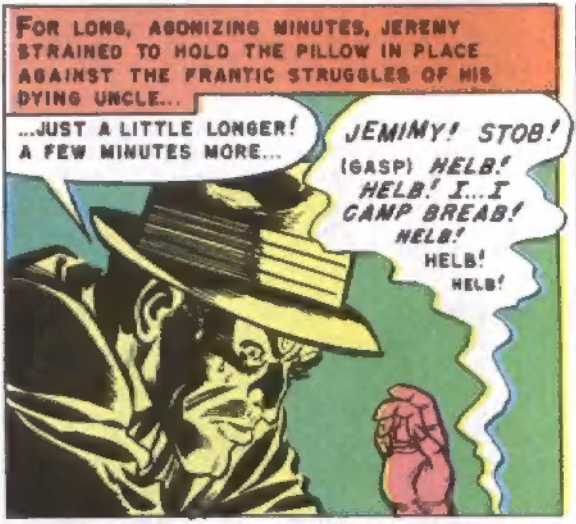
INTERESTING QUESTIONS! AND THE ANSWERS ARE EVEN MORE INTERESTING! SO LET'S GO BACK ELEVEN YEARS TO WHEN THE HOUSE WAS OWNED BY CYRUS KLITCH... A BEDRIDDEN, MISERLY OLD HYPOCRITE... AND FIND OUT THE STORY BEHIND THE BODY IN THE TRUNK!

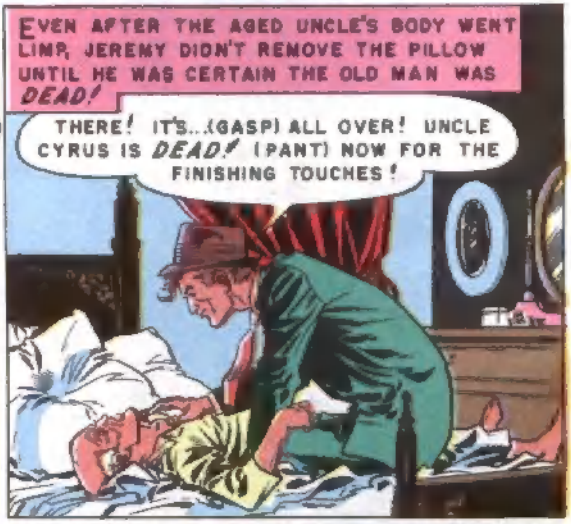
TWO WEEKS LATER, JEREMY VISITED UNCLE CYRUS AGAIN, A HAGGARD DESPERATE LOOK ON HIS FACE...

SEETHING WITH RAGE AND HUMILIATION, JEREMY STALKED OUT INTO THE DISMAL NIGHT, HIS UNCLE'S HARSH AND BITTER WORDS RINGING IN HIS EARS...

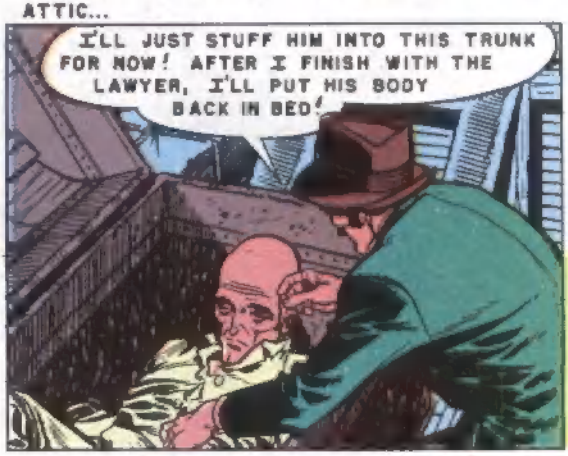


HOURS LATER, JEREMY SAT ALONE AND DEJECTED IN A SLEAZY BAR, SPENDING HIS LAST FEW CENTS ON CHEAP LIQUOR...
...HE'S NOTHING BUT A CRUEL, MISERLY OLD MAN! HE'S GOT PLENTY OF MONEY! A FEW DOLLARS WOULDN'T MATTER AT ALL TO HIM!
HE JUST DOESN'T WANT ME TO HAVE A CHANCE! HE NEVER DID LIKE ME! THINKS I'M NOT A GOOD ACTOR, DOES HE? ACTING WILL NEVER MAKE ME RICH, EH?
WELL, I'LL SHOW HIM! I'LL GET EVEN WITH HIM AND GET RICH BY ACTING AT THE SAME TIME! I'LL SHOW HIM!
THE NEXT NIGHT JEREMY WAITED NERVOUSLY OUTSIDE HIS UNCLE'S MANSION...
I KNOW THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE THE NURSE'S NIGHT OFF... AH! HERE SHE COMES!
HE PRESSED BACK INTO THE SHADOWS UNTIL THE NURSE HAD DISAPPEARED FROM VIEW, AND THEN STEALTHILY STOLE TO THE FRONT DOOR...
...THIS PASS KEY WILL GET ME IN WITHOUT ANY TROUBLE!
HA, HA! AND NOW UP THE STAIRS TO UNCLE'S BEDROOM!
WHO'S THERE?! WHO'S COMING UP THE STAIRS?! SPEAK UP!
DON'T BE FRIGHTENED, UNCLE! IT'S ONLY ME... YOUR LOVING NEPHEW! HA! HA! HA!
JEREMY! HOW... HOW DID YOU GET IN? WHAT DO YOU WANT?
5



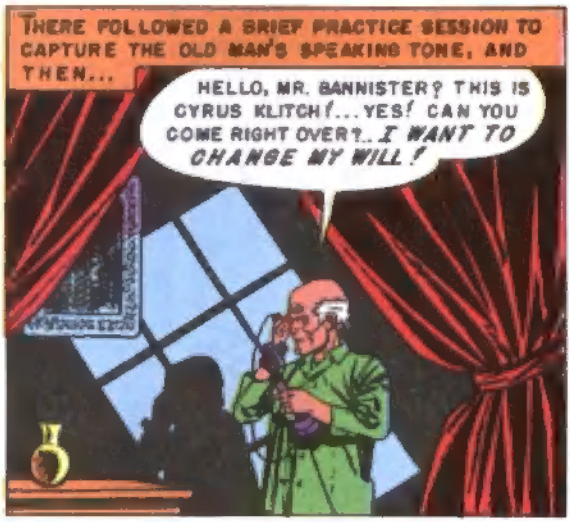


JEREMY LIFTED HIS UNCLE FROM THE BED AND CARRIED HIM UP THE LONG STAIRS TO THE ATTIC...

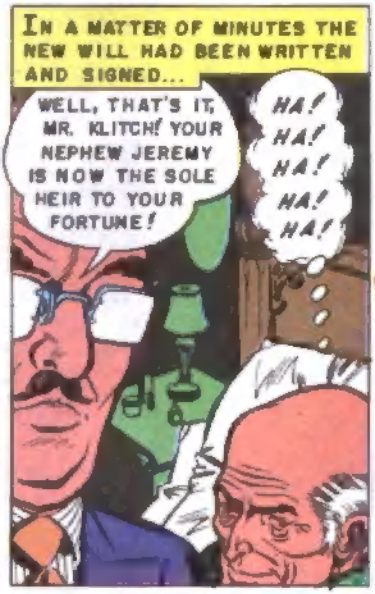


RETURNING TO HIS UNCLE'S BEDROOM, JEREMY TOOK A SMALL MAKE-UP KIT FROM HIS POCKET AND SET TO WORK...

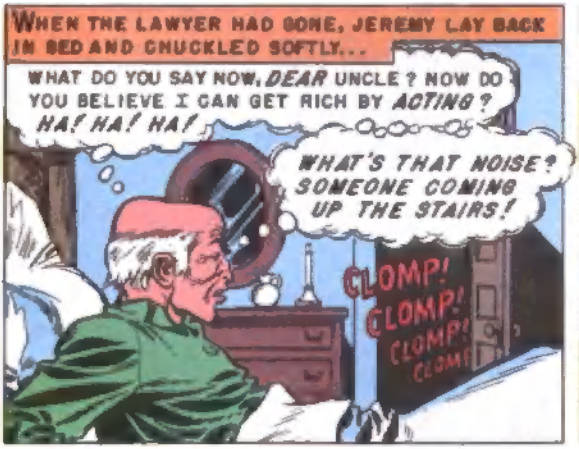
AFTER FINISHING HIS MAKE-UP, HE REMOVED HIS CLOTHES AND DONNED ONE OF HIS UNCLE'S NIGHT-GOWNS... THE TRANSFORMATION WAS COMPLETE...
PERFECT! IN THIS DIMLY LIT ROOM NO ONE COULD TELL I WASN'T THE REAL CYRUS KLITCH!

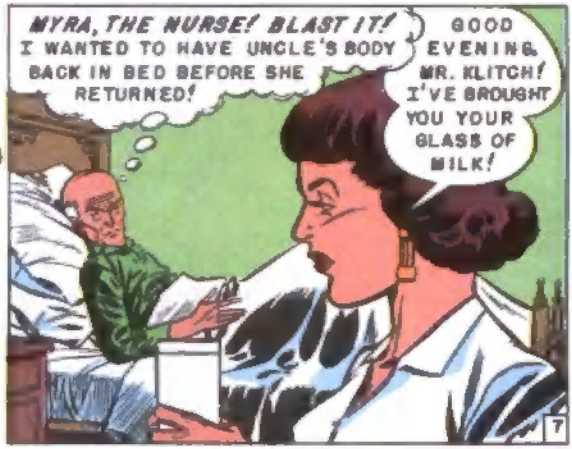

THERE FOLLOWED A BRIEF PRACTICE SESSION TO CAPTURE THE OLD MAN'S SPEAKING TONE, AND THEN...
HELLO, MR. BANNISTER? THIS IS CYRUS KLITCH!...YES! CAN YOU COME RIGHT OVER?..I WANT TO CHANGE MY WILL!

MR. BANNISTER, THE LAWYER, ARRIVED WITHIN THE HOUR...
YOU WISH TO CHANGE THE NAME OF THE BENEFICIARY ON YOUR WILL, MR. KLITCH? WHO IS TO BE THE NEW BENEFICIARY?
MY NEPHEW, JEREMY GORDON!


IN A MATTER OF MINUTES THE NEW WILL HAD BEEN WRITTEN AND SIGNED...
WELL, THAT'S IT, MR. KLITCH! YOUR NEPHEW JEREMY IS NOW THE SOLE HEIR TO YOUR FORTUNE!
HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!

NOW I'LL TOTALLY DESTROY THE OLD WILL! OF COURSE, YOU UNDERSTAND THAT THE FORMER BENEFICIARY RECEIVES ABSOLUTELY NOTHING!
OF COURSE!
R-R-RIP!


WHEN THE LAWYER HAD GONE, JEREMY LAY BACK IN BED AND CHUCKLED SOFTLY...
WHAT DO YOU SAY NOW, DEAR UNCLE? NOW DO YOU BELIEVE I CAN GET RICH BY ACTING? HA! HA! HA!
WHAT'S THAT NOISE? SOMEONE COMING UP THE STAIRS!
CLOMP! CLOMP! CLOMP! CLOMP!


MYRA, THE NURSE! BLAST IT! I WANTED TO HAVE UNCLE'S BODY BACK IN BED BEFORE SHE RETURNED!
GOOD EVENING, MR. KLITCH! I'VE BROUGHT YOU YOUR GLASS OF MILK!

GLASS OF MILK?
YES...LIKE YOU HAVE EVERY NIGHT! HERE!
SHE HASN'T NOTICED THAT I'M NOT THE REAL UNCLE CYRUS! BUT WHAT THE DEVIL IS SHE GRINNING ABOUT? SHE LOOKS LIKE THE CAT THAT SWALLOWED THE CANARY!
HERE! THE MILK IS FINISHED!
HA! HA! HA! HA! AND SO ARE YOU, MISTER KLITCH! HA! HA! HA!
YOU MISERABLE OLD GOAT! I'VE WAITED ON YOU HAND AND FOOT AND LISTENED TO YOUR GREEDY RAVING FOR YEARS! I'M SICK OF IT! I'VE HAD ENOUGH, DO YOU HEAR?!!
HEY! MY...MY THROAT BURNS!
HA! HA! HA! TWO YEARS AGO I OVERHEARD YOU TELLING THE LAWYER TO MAKE ME YOUR BENE-FICIARY! I'VE WAITED ALL THIS TIME, AND HOPED AND PRAYED THAT YOU'D DIE! BUT I CAN'T WAIT ANY LONGER!
MY THROAT! WHAT'S THE MATTER? I'M BURNING UP! CAN'T SEE! BURNING UP!
YES! YOU'RE DYING! I PUT POISON IN THE MILK YOU DRANK! NOW YOUR MONEY WILL BE MINE!
NO! YOU FOOL! HELP ME! I'M... DYING! DYING! YOU (GASP!) MADE...MISTAKE! MISTAKE... MISTAKE...
HA! HA HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA HA HA HA HA! HA! HA! HA HA HA
-THE END-

MEDICINE!

12
11
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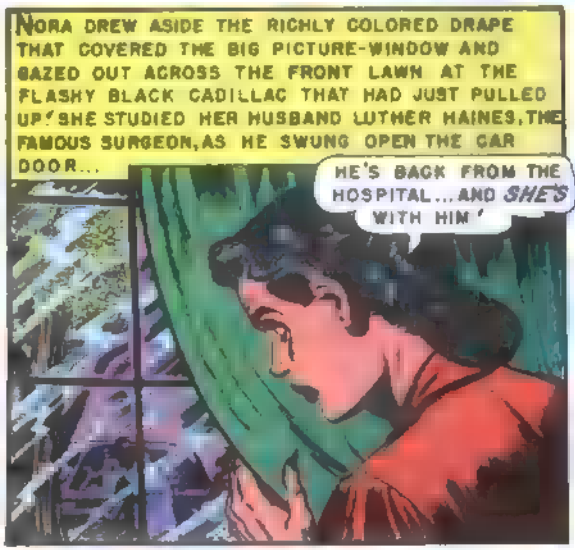
POISON


NORA DREW ASIDE THE RICHLY COLORED DRAPE THAT COVERED THE BIG PICTURE-WINDOW AND GAZED OUT ACROSS THE FRONT LAWN AT THE FLASHY BLACK CADILLAC THAT HAD JUST PULLED UP! SHE STUDIED HER HUSBAND LUTHER HAINES, THE FAMOUS SURGEON, AS HE SWUNG OPEN THE CAR DOOR...
HE'S BACK FROM THE HOSPITAL... AND SHE'S WITH HIM!

NORA GRIMACED AS LUTHER STEPPED BRISKLY AROUND THE FRONT OF THE CAR AND OPENED THE DOOR FOR THE TRIM-FIGURED WOMAN IN THE WHITE DRESS...
EVERYTHING IS WORKING OUT PERFECTLY! MISS DOYLE WILL BE SURE TO REMIND HIM! SHE ALWAYS DOES!

DOCTOR HAINES AND HIS NURSE, SALLY DOYLE, MOVED UP THE FLAG-STONE WALK TO THE HOUSE! SUDDENLY, THE DOOR FLEW OPEN! NORA STOOD THERE...SMILING...

WELL, YOU TWO! IT'S *TIME* YOU GOT BACK! I'VE BEEN *WAITING!* I NEED THE CAR!

THE OPERATION TOOK LONGER THAN I *EXPECTED*, DEAR!

NORA HURRIED DOWN THE FRONT WALK...BRUSHING PAST HER HUSBAND...

I REALLY MUST *RUN!* I'M *LATE* ALREADY! SEE YOU FOR DINNER, LUTHER! GOOD AFTERNOON, MISS DOYLE!

AFTERNOON, MRS. HAINES!

NORA! *WAIT!* THERE'S SOMETHING I MUST...TELL...

NORA SLAMMED THE CAR DOOR SHUT! SHE KNEW FULL WELL WHAT LUTHER WANTED TO TELL HER! NOW WAS NOT THE TIME AND LATER...WELL, LATER IT WOULDN'T MATTER! SHE STARTED THE POWERFUL ENGINE AND ROARED AWAY...

'BYE!

NORA!

NORA LAUGHED TO HERSELF AS SHE GAZED AT THE DASHBOARD CLOCK! IT WAS THREE-TEN! IN *ONE MORE HOUR*...

...IN JUST ONE MORE HOUR I'LL BE *RID* OF HIM!

NORA HUMMED A GAY TUNE AS SHE SPED ALONG! FUNNY THAT SHE SHOULD PICK *THAT* MELODY! 'STRANGE LOVE'! THAT WAS THE SONG THE LITTLE ORCHESTRA HAD BEEN PLAYING THE DAY SHE'D FIRST MET LUTHER! IT HAD BEEN AT ONE OF THOSE BORING SOCIETY TEA DANCES...

NORA, DARLING! THERE'S SOMEONE YOU MUST MEET! HE'S A *DREAM!*

THEY'D BEEN INTRODUCED! 'NORA GRAHAM... MEET DOCTOR LUTHER HAINES, THE RENOWNED BRAIN SURGEON! SHE'S A *DOLL*, LOU! HE'S *VERY RICH*, NORA! I'LL LEAVE YOU TWO NOW! *HAVE FUN!*' THAT SORT OF THING...

WOULD YOU...CARE TO DANCE, NORA?

LOVE TO, LUTHER!

NORA'D MADE UP HER MIND ALMOST AT ONCE! LUTHER HAINES WAS FOR *HER!* HE WAS *RICH*... *FAMOUS*...EVERYTHING SHE'D ALWAYS WANTED HER HUSBAND TO BE! IT HADN'T TAKEN VERY LONG EITHER! FOUR DATES, A DARK ROMANTIC NIGHT... AND...

MARRY ME, NORA? I'M *CRAZY* ABOUT YOU!

OH, LUTHER, DARLING! YES! I'LL MARRY YOU!

IT HAD BEEN WONDERFUL AT FIRST! THEN, NORA'D MET LUTHER'S NURSE...

THIS IS MISS DOYLE, NORA! SHE'S A *GEM!* DON'T KNOW WHAT I'D DO *WITHOUT* HER! SHE'S MY *RIGHT HAND!*

YOUR HUSBAND *EXAGGERATES*, MRS. HAINES!

LUTHER HAD A SLIGHT KIDNEY CONDITION! EVERY DAY AT FOUR, HE HAD TO TAKE MEDICINE FOR IT! MISS DOYLE NEVER FAILED TO REMIND HIM...

FOUR O'CLOCK, DOCTOR HAINES! TIME FOR YOUR *MEDICINE!*

THANK YOU, MISS DOYLE!

LUTHER WOULD TAKE MISS DOYLE WITH HIM WHEREVER HE'D GO! SHE WAS THE ONLY ASSISTANT HE'D TRUST AT OPERATIONS...

INTERESTING, ISN'T IT, MRS. HAINES!

VERY!

DO YOU KNOW THAT *YOUR HUSBAND* IS THE *ONLY SURGEON* IN THE MIDDLE WEST THAT CAN *PERFORM* THAT OPERATION? HE'S REMOVING A *SKULL SPLINTER* FROM THE FRONTAL LOBE OF THAT MAN'S *BRAIN!* IT HAD COMPLETELY *PARALYZED* HIM!

OH? HOW DID IT GET THERE?

POOR FELLOW FELL OUT OF A SECOND STORY WINDOW! ANY *DELAY* IN REMOVING A SKULL SPLINTER LIKE THAT MEANS *CERTAIN DEATH!* HE'LL OWE HIS *LIFE* TO YOUR HUSBAND! THE ONLY *OTHER* MAN WHO CAN PERFORM THE OPERATION IS DICKINSON IN NEW YORK AND HE'D *NEVER* HAVE BEEN ABLE TO GET HERE IN TIME!

HOW FORTUNATE FOR THE PATIENT!

WHEW! THAT WAS A *TOUGH ONE!*

COME DARLING! GET YOUR COAT ON AND WE'LL HAVE DINNER!

IT'S TIME FOR YOUR *MEDICINE*, DOCTOR! *FOUR O'CLOCK!*

NORA'D GROWN TO *HATE* MISS DOYLE! SHE'D RESENTED HER FAMILIARITY WITH LUTHER...DESPISED HER FOR HIS CONFIDENCE IN HER...BECOME JEALOUS OF THE TIME SHE SPENT WITH HIM...

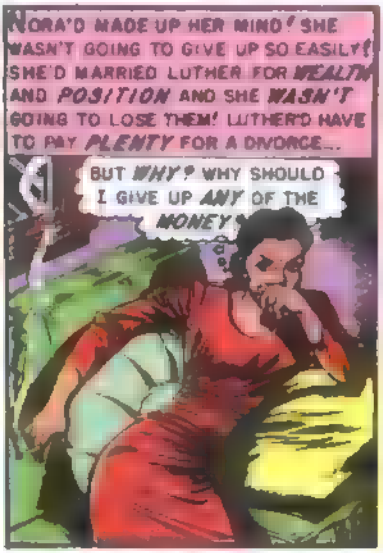
...AND AFTER INSERTING A CLAMP, APPLIED SUTURES! THIS RELIEVED BLEEDING! THEN...

LUTHER! AREN'T YOU *FINISHED* WITH YOUR REPORT *YET?*

ALMOST DONE, MRS. HAINES!

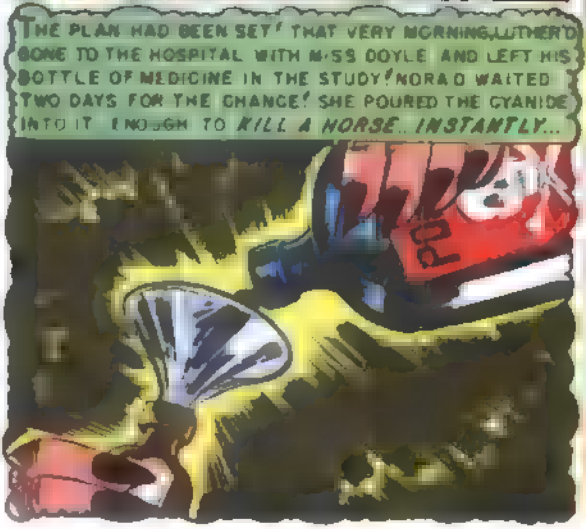
AND THEN NORA'D BEGUN TO FEAR MISS DOYLE! SHE'D BECOME AFRAID MISS DOYLE WOULD TAKE LUTHER AWAY FROM HER! AFTER ALL, SHE WAS PRETTY...
I'LL HAVE TO STAY LATE AT THE HOSPITAL TONIGHT, NORA!
OH? THAT'S TOO BAD, LUTHER. I'D HOPED WE COULD GO OUT!

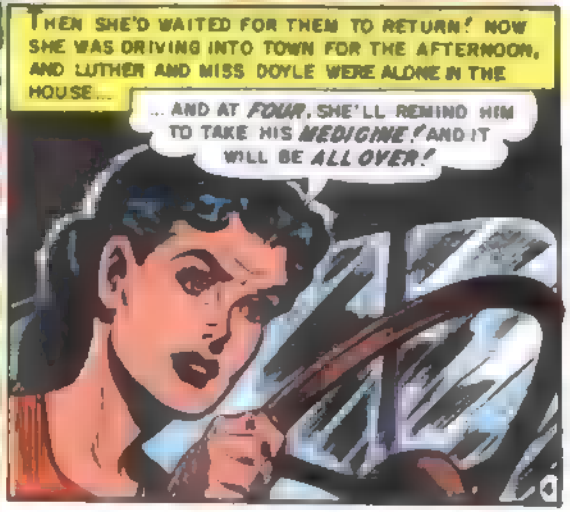
SORRY! HAVE TO REVISE A REPORT ON THAT LOBOTOMY I PERFORMED YESTERDAY! MISS DOYLE WILL BE WORKING WITH ME!
OH! I SEE!

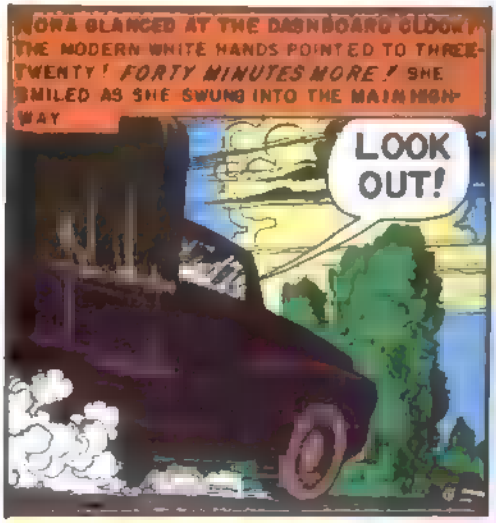

NORA'D MADE UP HER MIND! SHE WASN'T GOING TO GIVE UP SO EASILY! SHE'D MARRIED LUTHER FOR WEALTH AND POSITION AND SHE WASN'T GOING TO LOSE THEM! LUTHER'D HAVE TO PAY PLENTY FOR A DIVORCE...
BUT WHY? WHY SHOULD I GIVE UP ANY OF THE MONEY?

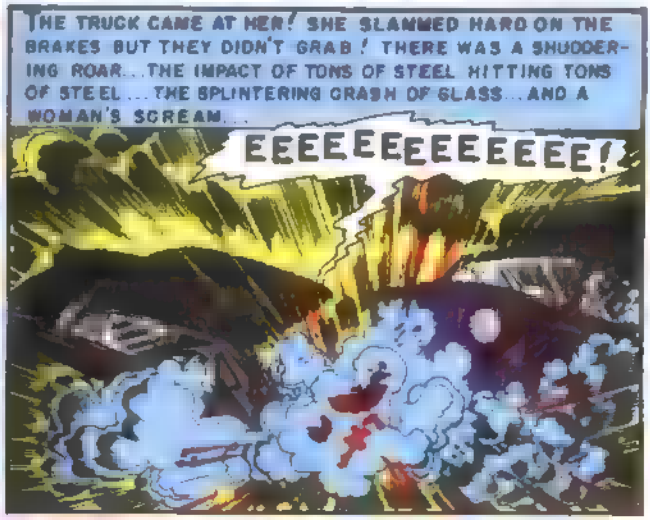
THEN NORA'D HIT UPON HER PLAN...A PLAN TO GET RID OF LUTHER AND MISS DOYLE AT THE SAME TIME
I'LL POISON HIS MEDICINE! MISS DOYLE ALWAYS GIVES IT TO HIM!
Rx

I'LL TELL THE POLICE SHE TRIED TO TALK HIM INTO DIVORCING ME! I'LL TELL THEM LUTHER CONFESSED THAT MISS DOYLE WAS IN LOVE WITH HIM, BUT THAT HE STILL LOVED ME AND WOULD SEND HER AWAY! THEY'LL SAY SHE POISONED HIM IN ANGER!


THE PLAN HAD BEEN SET! THAT VERY MORNING, LUTHER'D GONE TO THE HOSPITAL WITH MISS DOYLE AND LEFT HIS BOTTLE OF MEDICINE IN THE STUDY! NORA'D WAITED TWO DAYS FOR THE CHANCE! SHE POURED THE CYANIDE INTO IT ENOUGH TO KILL A HORSE...INSTANTLY...

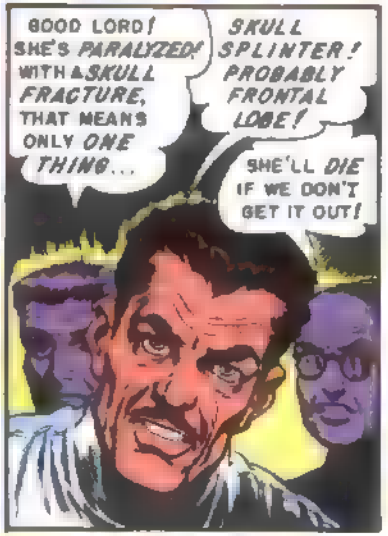

THEN SHE'D WAITED FOR THEM TO RETURN! NOW SHE WAS DRIVING INTO TOWN FOR THE AFTERNOON, AND LUTHER AND MISS DOYLE WERE ALONE IN THE HOUSE...
...AND AT FOUR, SHE'LL REMIND HIM TO TAKE HIS MEDICINE! AND IT WILL BE ALL OVER!

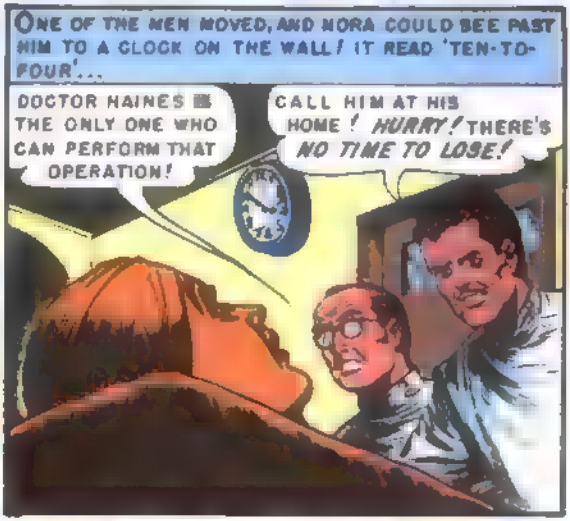

NORA GLANCED AT THE DASHBOARD CLOCK! THE MODERN WHITE HANDS POINTED TO THREE-TWENTY! FORTY MINUTES MORE! SHE SMILED AS SHE SWUNG INTO THE MAIN HIGHWAY
LOOK OUT!

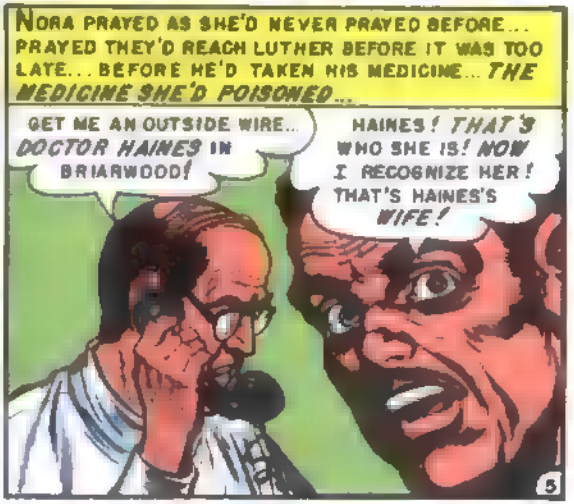

THE TRUCK CAME AT HER! SHE SLAMMED HARD ON THE BRAKES BUT THEY DIDN'T GRAB! THERE WAS A SHUDDERING ROAR... THE IMPACT OF TONS OF STEEL HITTING TONS OF STEEL... THE SPLINTERING CRASH OF GLASS... AND A WOMAN'S SCREAM...
EEEEEEEEEEEEE!

WHEN NORA CAME TO, THINGS JUST SEEMED TO COME INTO FOCUS! IT WAS AS IF SHE'D BEEN SLEEPING WITH HER EYES OPEN.
SKULL'S FRACTURED!
PUPILS ARE DILATING!
SHE'S COMING AROUND!

NORA TRIED TO SPEAK! SHE COULDN'T FEEL HER MOUTH! SHE TRIED TO MOVE AND COULDN'T FEEL HER BODY! SHE COULD ONLY SEE AND HEAR. SHE STARED AT THE FACES BENDING OVER HER...
YOU WERE IN AN ACCIDENT, MA'AM!
WHAT'S YOUR NAME? YOU DIDN'T HAVE ANY IDENTIFICATION!


GOOD LORD! SHE'S PARALYZED! WITH A SKULL FRACTURE, THAT MEANS ONLY ONE THING...
SKULL SPLINTER! PROBABLY FRONTAL LOBE!
SHE'LL DIE IF WE DON'T GET IT OUT!


ONE OF THE MEN MOVED, AND NORA COULD SEE PAST HIM TO A CLOCK ON THE WALL! IT READ 'TEN-TO-FOUR'...
DOCTOR HAINES IS THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN PERFORM THAT OPERATION!
CALL HIM AT HIS HOME! HURRY! THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE!


NORA PRAYED AS SHE'D NEVER PRAYED BEFORE... PRAYED THEY'D REACH LUTHER BEFORE IT WAS TOO LATE... BEFORE HE'D TAKEN HIS MEDICINE... THE MEDICINE SHE'D POISONED...
GET ME AN OUTSIDE WIRE... DOCTOR HAINES IN BRIARWOOD!
HAINES! THAT'S WHO SHE IS! NOW I RECOGNIZE HER! THAT'S HAINES'S WIFE!

SECONDS TICKED OFF! THE DOCTOR HUNG UP...
LINE'S BUSY! YOU SAY THAT'S HAINES'S WIFE?
I'M POSITIVE! HOW LONG HAS SHE GOT?
ABOUT HALF AN HOUR! MAYBE LESS! NO TIME TO REACH DICKENSON IN NEW YORK! HE'D BE TOO LATE!
TRY HAINES AGAIN! HURRY!
YES! FOR GOD'S SAKE! HURRY!
IT WAS FIVE MINUTES TO FOUR!
GET ME AN OUTSIDE WIRE! DOCTOR HAINES...IN BRIARWOOD!
OH, PLEASE... DEAR GOD...
SECONDS MORE TICKED OFF! THEN...
HELLO? HAINES? THIS IS BIXBY AT COUNTY! THEY'VE GOT YOUR WIFE IN HERE! SHE'S PARALYZED...SKULL INJURY...LOOKS LIKE A FRONTAL LOBE SPLINTER...YOU...HELLO?
HELLO? HE HUNG UP!
NORA'S HEART FELT LIKE A HAMMER IN HER CHEST! HAD LUTHER HUNG UP ON PURPOSE? WAS HE GOING TO LET HER DIE? PERHAPS THE POISONED MEDICINE HAD JUST TAKEN EFFECT! NORA TRIED TO CRY...BUT NO TEARS CAME...
HE MUST BE ON HIS WAY!
POOR GUY! I'D HATE TO HAVE TO OPERATE ON MY WIFE! AND SUCH A DIFFICULT OPERATION AT THAT!
NORA WATCHED THE CLOCK! THE HANDS CREPT AROUND TO FOUR-TEN...FOUR-FIFTEEN...
NORA!
IT'S HAINES!
GET SURGERY ON THE PHONE!
LUTHER BENT OVER NORA'S RIGID BODY...SMILING AT HER...
YOU'RE GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT, HONEY! I TRIED TO WARN YOU ABOUT THE BRAKES... BUT YOU WOULDN'T LISTEN! OH, BABY...BABY... I LOVE YOU! NOW DON'T WORRY! EVERYTHING'S GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT!
6

THAT'S WHEN THE TEARS CAME... WHEN NORA HEARD LUTHER'S WORDS...HEARD HIM ASSURE HER OF HIS LOVE! THEY SPILLED OVER HER UNBLINKING EYELIDS AND DOWN HER TWITCHING CHEEKS...

SURGERY'S ON THE WIRE, DOCTOR!

TELL THEM I'LL BE READY TO OPERATE IN *FIVE MINUTES!*

SUDDENLY MISS DOYLE CAME INTO THE ROOM! SHE RUSHED TO NORA'S SIDE...

OH, MRS. HAINES! I'M *SO* SORRY! DON'T WORRY! YOU'RE GOING TO BE *FINE!*

EVEN MISS DOYLE WAS CONCERNED! NORA'D BEEN SO *WRONG*...

GET HER READY... EH, MISS DOYLE! I'M GOING TO WASH UP!

I HAVE EVERYTHING YOU *WANTED* DOCTOR! THE INSTRUMENTS ARE *STERILIZED*...

YOUR RUBBER GLOVES...WHITE COAT...MASK...AND...OH, I *ALMOST FORGOT!*

TAKE HER DOWN!

NORA FELT HERSELF BEING WHEELED OUT OF THE HOSPITAL ROOM! SHE SAW THE CEILING MOVING ABOVE HER HEAD...

YOU RAN OUT OF THE HOUSE SO FAST, I DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO REMIND YOU!

REMIND ME OF *WHAT*, MISS DOYLE?

NORA COULD HEAR THEM...CLEARLY...AS THE ELEVATOR DOOR OPENED...

HERE! TAKE YOUR *MEDICINE!* I BROUGHT IT ALONG! YOU'RE TWENTY MINUTES OVERDUE!

A SPOON, TOO! HOW THOUGHTFUL! POUR IT FOR ME, HUH? THANKS!

NORA STARED UP AT THE BLINDING LIGHTS OF THE OPERATING ROOM! SHE KNEW SHE WOULDN'T BE SEEING THEM FOR VERY LONG! ALREADY THE ETHER WAS CLOUDING HER BRAIN! IN FACT, SHE KNEW SHE'D NEVER SEE *ANYTHING* AGAIN! LUTHER WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO PERFORM THE OPERATION! HE WAS PROBABLY DEAD BY NOW! CYANIDE IS SO *FAST*...

DOCTOR HAINES...WANTED IN SURGERY! DOCTOR HAINES... WANTED IN SURGERY! DOCTOR HAINES...

THE END

CRIME·TIME

President and CEO—Stephen A. Geppi

Publisher—Russ Cochran

Dear Russ,

CRIME #5 is the only CRIME I have, because I had a picture I drew in it. The last story was called "Partially Dissolved!". It was told by The Old Witch. I was wondering if it will be in a future issue of CRYPT, HAUNT, or VAULT. I hope it will because I'd have to buy all the back issues [of CRIME] because I want all the stories in CRYPT, HAUNT, and VAULT.

Eric Kazen — Richmond HTS, OH

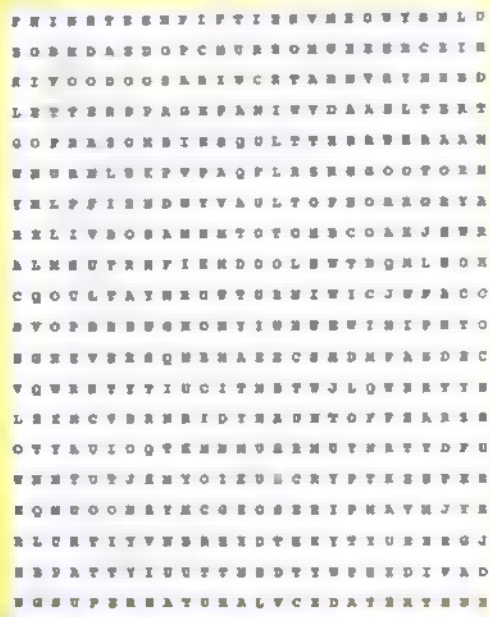
Altho it did re-run a few (a VERY few!) stories, The Old Witch's stories in CRIME (superheaded "The Haunt of Fear" stories, everywhere else they were called stories from "The Witch's Cauldron") were NOT re-run anywhere else! To get them (and almost every one had Ghastly art, you GOTTA have 'em!) you gotta get CRIME SUSPENSTORIES!

I am sending a puzzle that I made up on the computer in college. No, my major is not grave digging; although I have been known to bay at the full moon a time or two. Ha ha.

Patty Drummond — Martins Ferry, OH

If you bay only at the full moon, you must be a grad student; undergrads will bay at anything! Or, at least that was the case at BAYlor. Ha ha.

SEARCH-A-WORD PUZZLE
PATTY DRUMMOND, MARTINS FERRY, OH



Dig up the horror-words en-CRYPT-ed in this gruesome grid. Send your list to this department (There's no reason to send in this page, or a copy of it. Make a list, you lazy lizards!). Earliest postmark of the best solution gets the glory!

NEXT ISSUE

This month: HAUNT #9 and INCREDIBLE SCIENCE FICTION #9. Next month: The 10th issues of CRYPT, WEIRD SCIENCE and SHOCK. Don't forget VAULT, WEIRD FANTASY and TWO-FISTED! Get them at your local comic book shop or SUBSCRIBE (see our ad in this comic for details)!

BACK ISSUES: CRYPT #1, $3 each (subject to availability). All others up thru issue #3, $1.50 each. Issues #4 and up, $2 each. Add $5 per order ($10 outside US) for S&H.

We want letters! Write to:
CRIME
RUSS COCHRAN
POB 468
WEST PLAINS MO 65775

THIS COMIC REPRINTS
CRIME SUSPENSTORIES (FEB/MAR 1952)

COVER by Johnny Craig

"Understudy to a Corpse!"	Johnny Craig
"Medicine!"	Jack Kamen
"Cut!"	Jack Davis
"A Tree Grows in Borneo!"	Graham Ingels

We welcome letters of comment. We cannot promise to acknowledge, publish or answer letters. We edit for clarity, accuracy and length. We automatically withhold street address and zip code unless you clearly state you wish them published. We attempt to acknowledge publication of letters. To do so, we need your address on the individual letter.

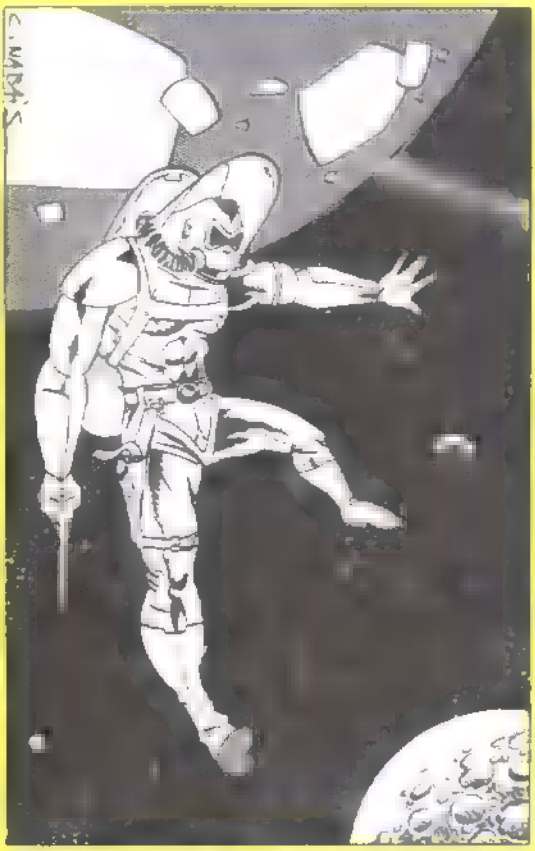
IT'S SCIENCE fiction day here in The Crypt, so take your protein pills and put your helmet on! Leading off is our header illo by Mark Counts, Rainier, OR. He says it depicts an "...indigenous life form up here in the great north-west." To which I say, bad enuf they're indigenous, just think if they LIVED there! So, with a heave of my magnetic space-boot I kick off this CRYPT-KEEPER's PAGE OF...

FINE ARTS #22

Can you tell me if any of the original EC artists are still doing comics? I know Al Williamson, Jack Davis and John Severin [are]

This [**right**] is a drawing of the bad guy in a [illegible] of Al Feldstein's comics.

THUS SPEAKS Sam Rowley, Anchorage, AK. Well, he should know, he drew it! —CK



I discovered EC comics fifteen years ago in a book devoted to US comics, and since then have been thankful to you for your reprints. When I was in my late teens I dreamt [illegible] following wonderful Wally Wood's track and began to draw. I never reached a very good level, and became a writer instead.

Christian Nabais — Lyon, FRANCE

AND YOUR drawing appears above. Thanks! —CK

To Wallace Wood,

Your life was so short but you left so much behind.
I would have liked to have talked to you.
Maybe that would have helped
From MAD to EC [illegible] SALLY FORTH
Your pen was magic
(I recently read "Malice in Wonderland"),
even with all your gifts how you must have suffered,
Woody
I have a suicide attempt once
I know why you did it.
Wallace—I miss you

Dear Russ

I know I've sent a lot of poems but the ideas keep rolling. I really appreciate you printing my poems. I put my whole mind into them (heart.—GAGG—too). The restless corpses made me do it. By the way, I'm a disabled veteran (as to what I do) and have been [illegible] to magazines since I was 16 [illegible] contributing.

Would you enclose my home address? (I wonder if any girls will write—what else, low-life?).

Frank X. Mattson [illegible] — #2 Ashlee Gardens, New Holland, PA 17557

AS DWELLER in a crypt, my life is about as low as it can get! I'd have to stand up to tie my shoes, but I don't wear shoes! But: No shoes, no shirt, no funeral service!

That's about it. See you in thirty! —CK

Send your contribs (not returnable, not too long, not too big, legible doublespaced text &/or bold black art. Warning...we edit!) to:

THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S
PAGE OF FINE ARTS
RUSS COCHRAN
POB 469
WEST PLAINS MO 65775

We welcome contributions. We cannot promise to return, acknowledge or publish contributions. We edit for clarity, accuracy and size. We automatically withhold street address and zip code unless you clearly state you wish them published. We attempt to acknowledge publication; to do so we need your address on the individual contribution.

More items of general EC interest, collected into this special column called...

FAN CLUB NEWS! #1

PRESENTED BY THE VAULT-KEEPER

I was going through a price guide when I found they had made a Tales from the CRYPT OF TERROR in 3D. Tell me, are you going to reprint it or do we have to pay over three hundred dollars for one? Please print my address

Jan Sosebee POB 256
Eton, GA 30724

Is there a possibility that you might reprint the EC titles THREE DIMENSIONAL TALES FROM THE CRYPT OF TERROR and THREE DIMENSIONAL EC CLASSICS? As a collector of your reprints and a 3D enthusiast, I'd really enjoy seeing them back in print. Why not let some other EC FanAddicts decide by inviting their letters of support?

John Robinson Halifax, NS

The two books (John's letter lists the official wording of the titles) were EC's only published 3D material. A third (SF) book was not published but was prepared. We want to do them in hardback someday; maybe after that they'd appear in 32-pg comics. —VK

Dear Tale-Telling Ghouls,

I enjoy all your comic books very much. After buying several other [reprints] that were printed out of order, I came upon the actual (in order) reprints. I know the total plan is to reprint all CRYPT, VAULT and HAUNT; but do you also plan to reprint all three TALES OF TERROR ANNUALS, too? If so, please tell me so I can have all the horror comics that you publish.

Say hi to Russ and tell him to stop writing notes to The Old Witch in crayon.

Eric Grawe Burlington, WI

With the exception of the cover art, the contents of EC's Annual contained no new material. The 'guts' were four coverless (presumably de-covered) copies of back issues chosen from within a theme but otherwise at random. Thus, it would be pointless—as well as impossible!—to reprint them! The official titles were: TALES OF TERROR (3 issues), WEIRD SCIENCE-FANTASY (2 issues) and TWO-FISTED ANNUAL (2 issues).

Hey, EC FanAddicts! This is your last chance to receive a FREE (yes, you read that right) issue of HORROR FROM THE CRYPT OF FEAR. Many corpses have already risen from the grave and snatched up most of the copies but we still have about 40-50 copies left for those of you who've missed out! We discuss EC's wonderful horror work in our first deadly issue. So don't delay! Dig out of your grave while the dirt's still fresh and pull up a cruddy cauldron to write on so we can send HORROR FROM THE CRYPT OF FEAR to your own Vault or Crypt.

Send name and address (and anything else of interest; perhaps your mother-in-law's severed tongue or your school teacher's bloody yardstick) to:

Sam Kingston's 30 Ivy DR
HORROR FROM THE CRYPT OF FEAR Midvale, UT 84047

Dear Vault-Keeper,

November, 1949, I walked into Murphey's candy store and bought a copy of WAR AGAINST CRIME. You, VK, were on page one; hunched over on a stone throne deep in the VAULT OF HORROR, crooking your finger at me, a 9-year-old kid, and saying, "Come closer." I did.

Good News! The third issue of GOOD LORD!, the official newsletter/fanzine of the EC REGISTER, has just been released by ABNER DOON PRODUCTIONS, a non-profit organization of GhouLunaticHelpers.

We are looking for: V-K devotees (like me and Abner), C-K freaks, OW minions, SCI-FI cats, MAD lovers, SHOCK, WAR and CRIME fans, REPRINT addicts, EC ORIGINAL COLLECTORS, EC ORIGINAL ART COLLECTORS, PRE-TREND, NEW TREND and NEW DIRECTION dudes; in short, anyone of any age with any interest in EC comics.

Anyone who wishes to join us, heh-heh, has only to send a stamp to the EC REGISTER, ABNER DOON PRODUCTIONS, 8601 Atlantic Avenue, Margate City, NJ 08402.

Christopher Cook Gilmore

Below is a re-run of the dope on another fan's project, just in case anyone missed it from a previous column. —VK

I wish to start a dream of mine, THE NATIONAL E.C. FAN CLUB. In my club, all serious EC fans will receive great benefits including a one year (six-issue) subscription to the club's official fanzine—THE NATIONAL E.C. BULLETIN!

Membership to the club costs $14.00. This money is just *under* enough to cover the publication costs, I make *no* profit! If you decide you want to join and don't have $14.00 (US Currency), you may send just enough for your subscription ($12.00) and send the extra two bucks for your membership package later on.

Also, if you are worried the club magazine SUCKS, you can order a sample issue for $2.00

THE INTERNATIONAL E.C. FAN CLUB
c/o Philip M. Smith, President/Founder
5947 Colgate St
Philadelphia, PA 19120

Regarding Andrianne Cook's request, in FCN #5, for "a prose history of EC," I suggest "Completely MAD; A History of the Comic Book and Magazine" (91, Maria Reidelbach, Little, Brown and Co.).

Concerning "a history of American horror and crime comics in the 1950s," look for "The Illustrated History of Horror Comics, Series #1" (91, Taylor Publishing) and "Crime Comics, Series #5" (93, Taylor Publishing), both are by Mike Benton.

You have my permission to publish my address.

Vinny Bellizia, Jr. 528 2nd AV
North Brunswick, NY 08902-3316

I read with interest the letter by Phil Smith that suggested starting an EC Fan Club. I'd like to pass along an idea. There is a book called "Organized Obsessions" by Deborah M. Burek and Martin Conners that lists 1001 offbeat associations, fan clubs, and microsocieties you can join! From the Abbott and Costello Fan Club to Rock Horror fan clubs, they're all there.

Write to Oranized Obsessions, c/o Visable Ink Press, 835 Penobscot Building, Detroit, Michigan, 48226-4094. Send them the full name of your group, include your address with zip, telephone number with area code and fax if possible. Write a page of information on your group, and send along any brochure or leaflets you have. With any luck, it'll end up in the next edition. There's not one listing yet on comic clubs. Shouldn't EC be among the first?

Phil Marsh Sunnyvale, CA

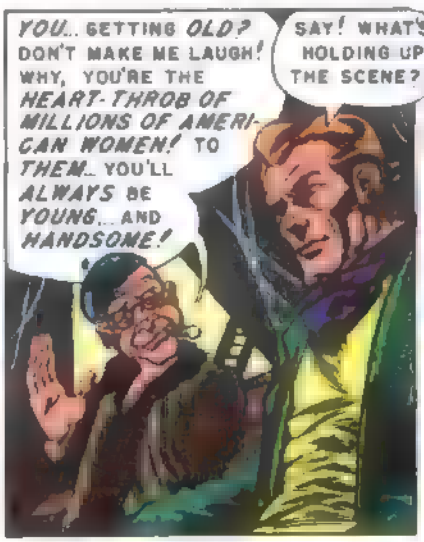
And you-all that WE were weird! —VK

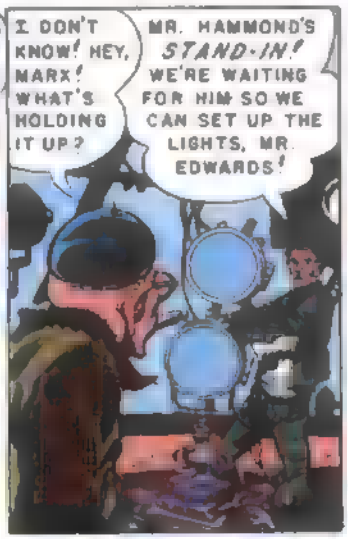
Write to this department like so: FAN CLUB NEWS, RUSS COCHRAN, POB 469, WEST PLAINS, MO 65775.

We welcome letters of comment. We cannot promise to acknowledge, publish or answer letters. We edit for clarity, accuracy, and length. We automatically withhold street address and zip code unless you clearly state you want them published. We attempt to acknowledge publication of letters. To do so we need your address on the individual letter.

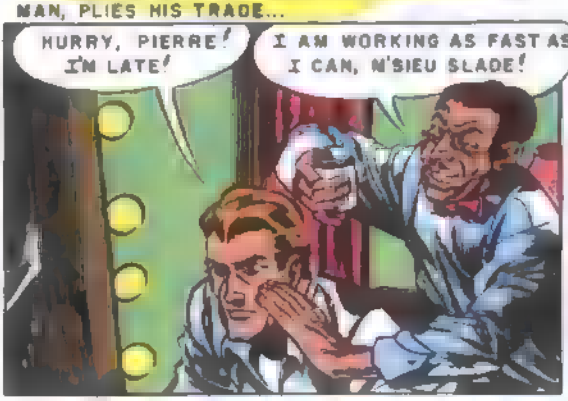
CUT!

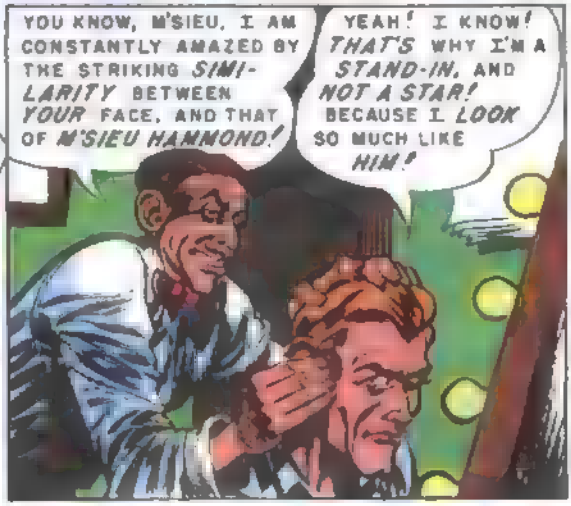
FADE IN TO SCENE 1...A SOUND-STAGE OF A FAMOUS HOLLYWOOD STUDIO! JOHN HAMMOND, SCREEN IDOL, IS SEATED BESIDE HIS DIRECTOR, EMERY EDWARDS! THE CREW OF TECHNICIANS...LIGHTING-MEN, PROP-MEN, AND OTHERS...ARE BUSY SETTING UP FOR THE NEXT 'TAKE'...

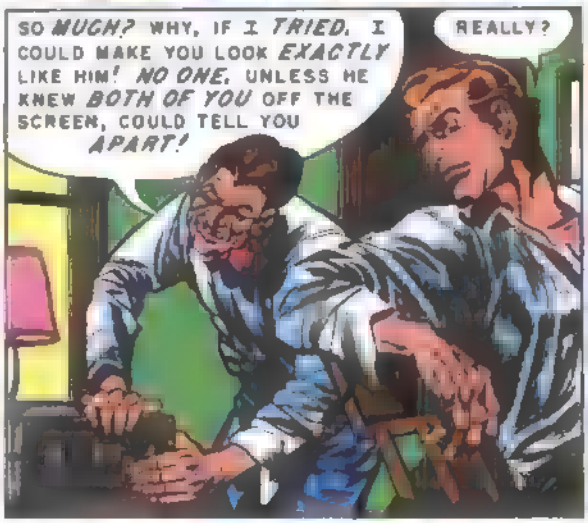




CUT AND DISSOLVE TO SCENE 2... THE MAKE-UP STUDIO JUST OFF THE SOUND STAGE! JOHN HAMMOND'S STAND-IN, RUSSEL SLADE, SITS BEFORE A HUGE MIRROR AS PIERRE MARSEL, MAKE-UP MAN, PLIES HIS TRADE...

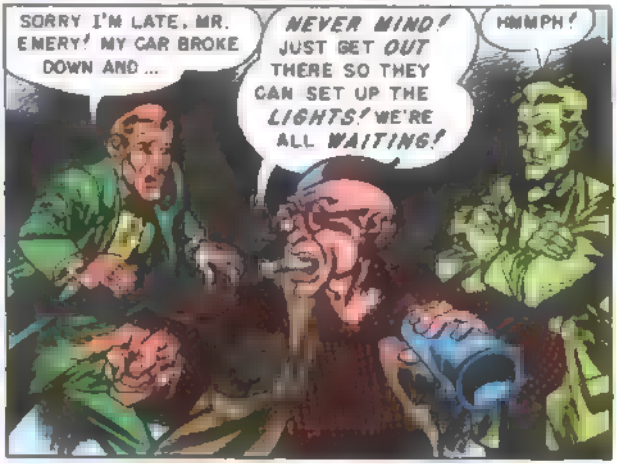




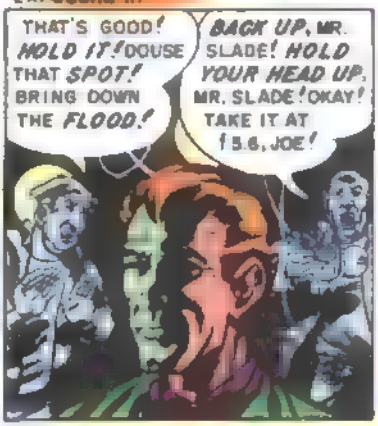


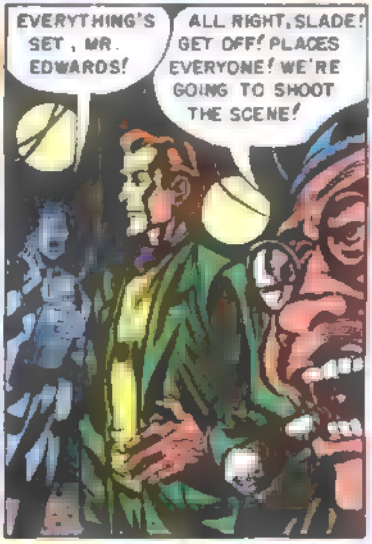
CUT AND FADE IN TO SCENE 3...THE SOUND STAGE! JOHN HAMMOND PACES THE STUDIO FLOOR ANGRILY.

ENTER MR. RUSSEL SLADE, BREATHLESSLY...

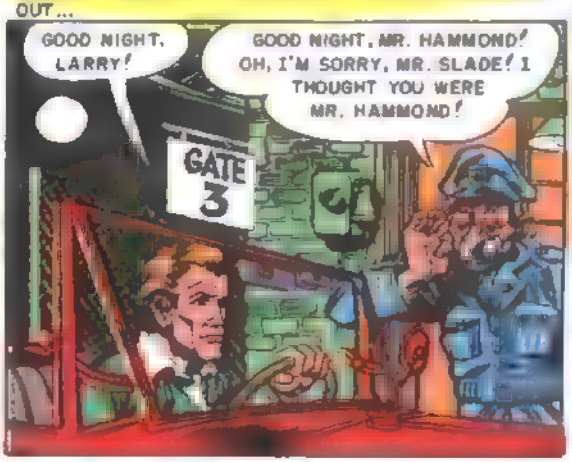


MOVE IN FOR CLOSE-UP OF RUSSEL SLADE'S FACE AS THE LIGHTING-MEN ADJUST THE HUGE KLIEGS AND A CAMERA-MAN CHECKS THE EXPOSURE ...





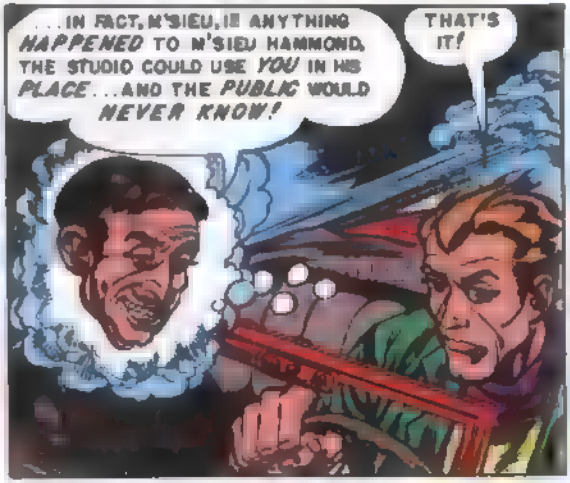
CUT AND DISSOLVE TO SCENE 4...THE STUDIO GATE! RUSSEL SLADE, JOHN HAMMOND'S STAND-IN, IS DRIVING OUT...



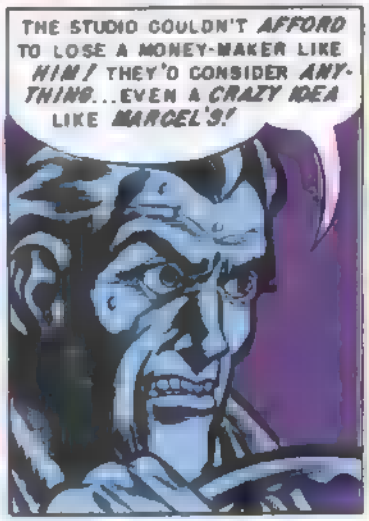
CUT! FADE IN TO SCENE 5...THE SOUND STAGE...

CUT AND DISSOLVE TO RUSSEL SLADE, DRIVING HOME...

SUPERIMPOSE MAKE-UP MAN, PIERRE MARCEL...

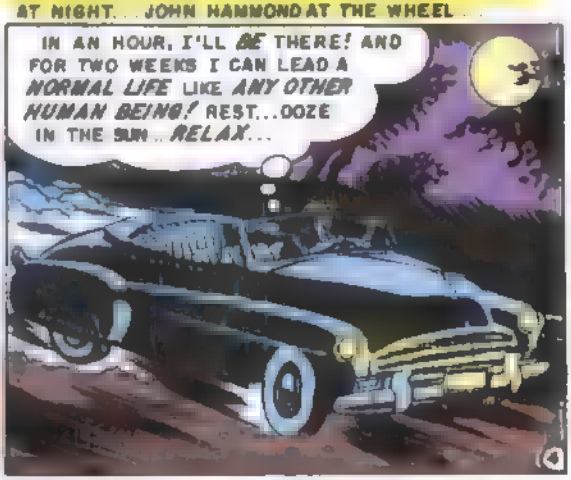


CLOSE-UP OF RUSSEL SLADE... DRIVING...FACE GRIM...EYES STARING...



FADE OUT SLADE'S CAR AND CUT TO JOHN HAMMOND'S HOLLYWOOD APARTMENT...

DISSOLVE TO CAR DRIVING ALONG COUNTRY ROAD AT NIGHT...JOHN HAMMOND AT THE WHEEL...



CUT AND FADE IN TO SCENE 9... OUTSIDE OF JOHN HAMMOND'S LUXURIOUS COUNTRY LODGE THE NEXT MORNING! FADE IN SOUND OF BIRDS AND CRICKETS! JOHN COMES OUT ONTO PORCH AND STRETCHES...

YAWWWN! AH, THIS IS THE LIFE! SLEEP LATE... SAY!

SHOOT PAST GASOLINE-POWERED LAWN MOWER, RESTING IN MIDDLE OF HAMMOND'S LARGE LAWN...

LOOKS LIKE THE GARDENER LEFT HIS LAWN-MOWER! OFTEN WONDERED HOW THOSE THINGS WORKED!

HAMMOND APPROACHES LAWN-MOWER AND BEGINS TO EXAMINE IT...

THIS MUST BE THE STARTING ROPE DRAPED ON THE HANDLE! THINK I'LL START 'ER UP!

CUT AND DISSOLVE TO RUSSEL SLADE'S CAR PULLING UP TO A STOP ON A TREE-LINED ROAD...

SO FAR, SO GOOD! I'D BETTER GO THE REST OF THE WAY ON FOOT, SO NO ONE SPOTS ME!

SLADE GETS OUT OF HIS CAR! HE DRAWS A GUN FROM HIS POCKET...

ALL RIGHT, MR. HAMMOND! IN A FEW MINUTES, I'LL BE THE *SOLE OWNER* OF THE *FACE A MILLION WOMEN ARE MAD ABOUT...*

CUT AND FADE IN TO SCENE OF JOHN HAMMOND WALKING BRISKLY BEHIND THE SPLUTTERING LAWN-MOWER...

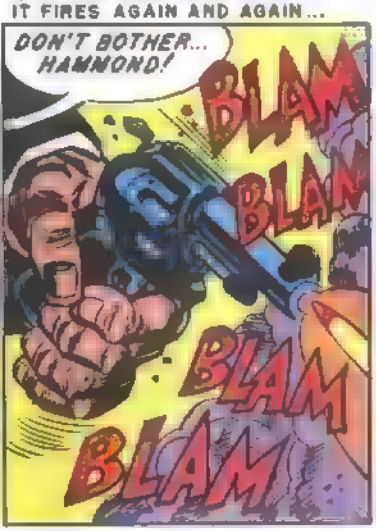
AND I'VE FELT SORRY FOR MY GARDENER BECAUSE OF THIS TREMENDOUS LAWN! WHY, ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS *WALK BEHIND THIS THING AND GUIDE IT! IT RIDES ALONG BY ITSELF!*

SHOOT PAST HAMMOND TO SLADE .. APPROACHING.

MORNING, HAMMOND!

WHY, SLADE! JUST A MINUTE! I'LL STOP THIS THING... IF I CAN!

CUT TO CLOSE UP OF GUN AS IT FIRES AGAIN AND AGAIN...



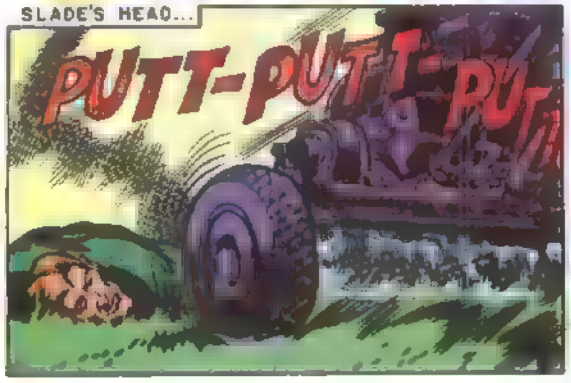
HAMMOND FALLS...THREE BULLETS IN HIS CHEST! SLADE TURNS TO RUN...

SLADE SPRINTS ACROSS LARGE LAWN! SUDDENLY, HE TRIPS OVER A "KEEP OFF THE GRASS" SIGN...

SLADE PITCHES FORWARD, STRIKING HIS HEAD ON THE FLAG-STONE WALK...

SHOOT PAST RUSSEL SLADE...LYING UNCONSCIOUS...TO THE GASOLINE-POWERED LAWN MOWER COMING TOWARD HIM...

THE SPUTTERING LAWN MOWER ROLLS ACROSS THE GRASS, HEADED RIGHT FOR THE UNCONSCIOUS MAN...ITS LETHAL BLADES SPINNING, CATCHING THE MORNING SUN-LIGHT! NEARER AND NEARER IT ROLLS...IN THE DIRECTION OF SLADE'S HEAD...



SLADE OPENS HIS EYES SLIGHTLY! DAZED FROM THE BLOW, HE WATCHES, PARALYZED, AS THE MACHINE BEARS DOWN UPON HIM! THEN...THE SOUND OF A BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM...

THEN...

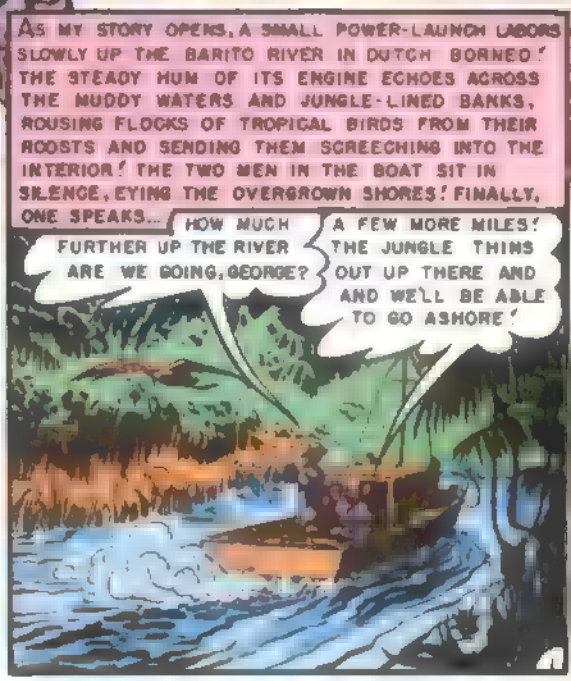
CUT!

THE END

THE HAUNT OF FEAR

HEE, HEE! WELCOME, FIENDS! WELCOME ONCE MORE TO *THE HAUNT OF FEAR!* I AM YOUR *HOSTESS IN HORROR, THE OLD WITCH!* AS YOU KNOW, IN EACH ISSUE OF *CRIME SUSPENSTORIES*, I LIGHT THE FIRE UNDER MY *CAULDRON* AND COOK UP AN *EVIL BREW* WHICH I DISH OUT IN THE FORM OF A *TASTY TERROR-TALE!* WELL, MY *CAULDRON* IS *BUBBLING* AND *STEAMING*... SO COME IN AND SIT DOWN, AND I'LL LADLE OUT THE *MORSEL OF MORBIDITY* I CALL...

A TREE GROWS IN BORNEO!



GEORGE WILKERS, THE OLDER OF THE TWO MEN, REMOVES HIS WHITE PITH-HELMET AND WIPES HIS GLEAMING, SWEAT-COVERED FOREHEAD! THE YOUNGER ONE, AMOS HALL, UNSCREWS HIS CANTEEN CAP AND TAKES A LONG DRINK...

LORD, IT'S *HOT*, GEORGE! AND THESE *BLASTED BUGS*...

STOP COMPLAINING, AMOS! IF WE LOCATE A RICH *PLATINUM DEPOSIT*, IT'LL BE WORTH THE DISCOMFORT! DON'T FORGET! *TEN PERCENT* WILL BE *OURS*!

BAH! TEN PERCENT! *WE* DO THE *EXPLORING*... TRAVEL UP THIS *STINKING MUDDY RIVER*... ENDURE THIS *STIFLING HEAT*... BATTLE THESE *BLASTED BUGS*... AND ALL WE GET IS *TEN PERCENT*!

YES, AMOS! BUT YOU MUST REMEMBER, THE COMPANY *OUTFITTED* US, *BOUGHT* OUR *SUPPLIES* AND *EQUIPMENT*, AND IS *PAYING* US A *FLAT FEE BESIDES*! WE'D *NEVER* HAVE BEEN ABLE TO AFFORD THE EXPEDITION *OURSELVES*!

OH, I SUPPOSE YOU'RE RIGHT, GEORGE! STILL...

LOOK, AMOS! THE JUNGLE'S THINNING OUT! LET'S HEAD FOR SHORE AND LOOK AROUND!

THE DRONING POWER-BOAT IS TURNED TOWARD ONE OF THE GRASSY OVERGROWN BANKS! SOON, IT SCRAPES THE SANDY RIVER BOTTOM...

C'MON! WE'LL HAVE TO WADE THE REST OF THE WAY!

RIGHT BEHIND YOU!

THE TWO EXPLORERS MANAGE TO PULL THEIR SMALL LAUNCH CLOSE IN TO THE RIVER BANK AND SECURE IT TO AN OVERHANGING ROOT...

THERE! THAT WILL HOLD TILL WE GET BACK!

HAND ME MY PACK!

LADEN DOWN WITH EQUIPMENT-FILLED KNAPSACKS, GEORGE AND AMOS BEGIN TO HACK THEIR WAY INTO THE JUNGLE...

NO WHITE MAN HAS EVER BEEN *THIS* FAR UP THE BARITO... YOU CAN BET ON *THAT*, AMOS!

YES! EVERYONE ELSE HAD MORE *SENSE*! HOW FAR IN DO YOU PLAN TO *GO*?

NOT *TOO* FAR! IF THE COMPANY IS GOING TO DEVELOP A *MINE* HERE, THEY'LL WANT TO BE NEAR THE *RIVER*...

GEORGE! LOOK! DO *YOU* SEE WHAT *I* SEE?

IT GLISTENS IN THE BLAZING TROPICAL SUN! THE CLIMBING VINES AND UNDERGROWTH NEARLY COVER IT...HIDING IT FROM SIGHT...BUT THE GLEAMING ROOF CAN BE SEEN SHINING THROUGH THE JUNGLE...

IT'S SOME SORT OF *BUILDING*...

IT LOOKS LIKE ONE OF THOSE *ANCIENT TEMPLES!*

THE ROOF! IT'S MADE OF *HAMMERED GOLD!*

GEORGE! WE'RE RICH! WE'RE RICH!

THERE'S THE ENTRANCE! C'MON!

THE COMPANY DOESN'T HAVE TO *KNOW*, GEORGE! THIS WILL BE *OUR* SECRET...*YOURS AND MINE!*

THE EXCITED EXPLORERS ENTER THE GLOOMY, DAMP, MUSTY INTERIOR OF THE ANCIENT TEMPLE! THE WALLS INSIDE ARE LINED WITH WEIRD FIGURES HEWN FROM HUGE BLOCKS OF STONE...

THESE MUST BE *STATUES OF THEIR GODS*...

LET'S GET TO THE *ROOF!* I HAVE TO MAKE SURE IT *IS* GOLD!

THE TEMPLE IS A RECTANGULAR SHAPED BUILDING WITH A WALLED IN GARDEN BEHIND IT! IN THE GARDEN STAND SEVERAL STRAIGHT, TALL TREES! ONE OF THEM HAS BEEN STRUCK BY LIGHTNING AND IS SPLIT DOWN THE MIDDLE...

WE CAN GET ONTO THE ROOF BY CLIMBING ONE OF THESE *TREES*, AMOS!

WAIT! LOOK!

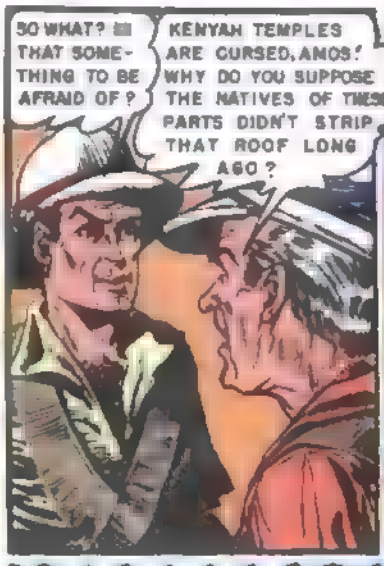
GEORGE STARES INTO THE OPENING OF THE LIGHTNING-SPLIT TREE! INSIDE, A WHITENED SKULL GRINS BACK AT HIM, AND BLEACHED BONES HANG CRAZILY...

SEE IT? SEE IT IN THERE, GEORGE?

GOOD LORD! A SKELETON OF A MAN INSIDE A TREE! THAT MEANS *KENYAHS!* LET'S GET *OUT OF HERE!*

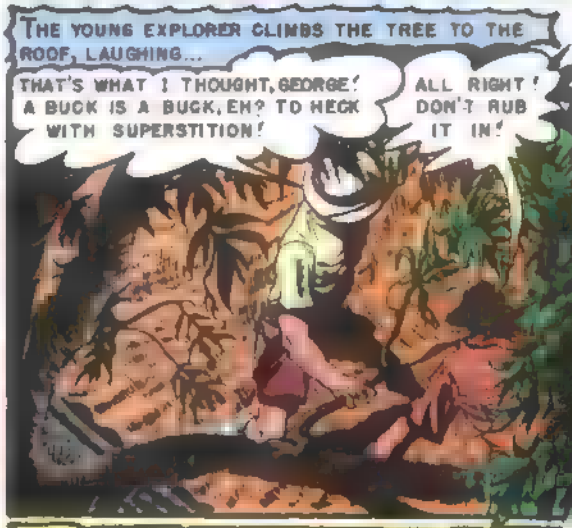
ARE YOU *CRAZY?* THAT ROOF IS *PURE GOLD! WHY?* WHAT ARE YOU *AFRAID* OF?

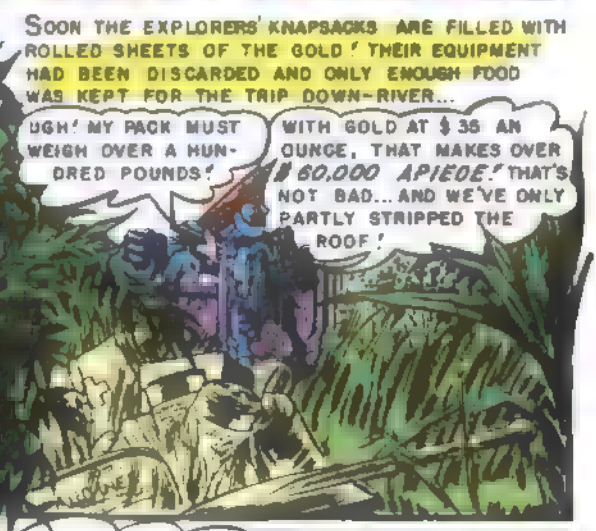
THIS IS A *KENYAH TEMPLE*, AMOS! KENYAHS *BURIED* THEIR *DEAD* BY *HOLLOWING* OUT TREES AND SETTING THE *CORPSES IN*... *STANDING UPRIGHT!* THEN THEY *SEALED* THE OPENINGS AND THE TREES CONTINUED TO *GROW!* THEY BECAME *LIVING TOMBS!*

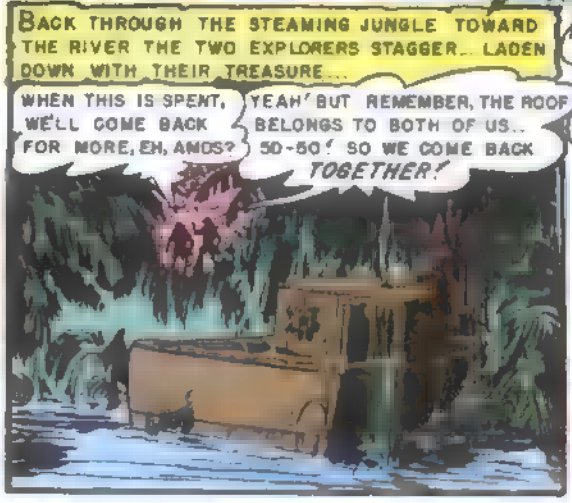

SO WHAT? IS THAT SOMETHING TO BE AFRAID OF?
KENYAN TEMPLES ARE CURSED, AMOS! WHY DO YOU SUPPOSE THE NATIVES OF THESE PARTS DIDN'T STRIP THAT ROOF LONG AGO?

HOW SHOULD I KNOW? PERHAPS THEY NEVER FOUND THE PLACE!
MOST UNLIKELY! IT'S BECAUSE OF THE KENYAN CURSE OF DEATH TO ANY WHO VIOLATE THE TEMPLE'S SANCTITY!

BAH! FOOLISH SUPERSTITION! I'M GOING TO STRIP OFF AS MUCH OF THAT GOLD AS I CAN CARRY! ARE YOU GOING TO TAKE YOUR SHARE?
I...I DON'T LIKE IT... BUT...


THE YOUNG EXPLORER CLIMBS THE TREE TO THE ROOF, LAUGHING...
THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT, GEORGE! A BUCK IS A BUCK, EH? TO HECK WITH SUPERSTITION!
ALL RIGHT! DON'T RUB IT IN!


SOON THE EXPLORERS' KNAPSACKS ARE FILLED WITH ROLLED SHEETS OF THE GOLD! THEIR EQUIPMENT HAD BEEN DISCARDED AND ONLY ENOUGH FOOD WAS KEPT FOR THE TRIP DOWN-RIVER...
UGH! MY PACK MUST WEIGH OVER A HUNDRED POUNDS!
WITH GOLD AT $35 AN OUNCE, THAT MAKES OVER $60,000 APIECE! THAT'S NOT BAD... AND WE'VE ONLY PARTLY STRIPPED THE ROOF!


BACK THROUGH THE STEAMING JUNGLE TOWARD THE RIVER THE TWO EXPLORERS STAGGER... LADEN DOWN WITH THEIR TREASURE...
WHEN THIS IS SPENT, WE'LL COME BACK FOR MORE, EH, AMOS?
YEAH! BUT REMEMBER, THE ROOF BELONGS TO BOTH OF US... 50-50! SO WE COME BACK TOGETHER!

OF COURSE, AMOS! WE'LL KEEP IN TOUCH WITH EACH OTHER WHEN WE GET BACK TO THE STATES!
IT ISN'T THAT I DON'T TRUST YOU, GEORGE! YOU UNDERSTAND!

HEE, HEE! OF COURSE GEORGE UNDERSTANDS! HE WANTS TO MAKE SURE AMOS DOESN'T GO BACK WITHOUT HIM, TOO! IN FACT, THEY KEEP SUCH A CLOSE WATCH ON EACH OTHER, THEY BUY ADJOINING ESTATES! A YEAR PASSES...A YEAR OF HIGH-LIVING, EASY-SPENDING, AND CLOSE WATCHING! THEN, ONE DAY...
BLAST IT! IT'S A LETTER FROM THE BANK! I'VE OVER-DRAWN MY ACCOUNT! I'M BROKE! I'VE GOT TO GO BACK TO BORNEO...TO THE TEMPLE!
THE MONEY DIDN'T LAST LONG! AND HALF OF THE REMAINING GOLD BELONGS TO GEORGE! BUT, IF GEORGE WERE...OUT OF THE WAY... THE SECRET WOULD BE MINE...ALL MINE...AND I WOULDN'T HAVE TO SHARE IT!
AND SO, AMOS HALL MAKES UP HIS MIND
I'VE GOT TO GET RID OF HIM...KILL HIM!
THAT NIGHT...
THAT'S RIGHT, GEORGE! IT'S A MATTER OF UTMOST IMPORTANCE! MEET ME NEAR OUR PROPERTY LINE! YOU KNOW...BY THE HOLLOW TREE! YOU WILL? GOOD! SEE YOU THEN!
LATER...
HERE HE COMES! JUST A LITTLE CLOSER... A LITTLE CLOSER...
AMOS? YOU HERE?
THE GLINT OF A STEEL BLADE REFLECTING THE COLD MOONLIGHT, FLASHES THROUGH THE NIGHT AIR...
I'M HERE, GEORGE!
AMOS! YAAAAAA-UGHH!

AMOS LEERS DOWN AT THE PROSTRATE FORM BEFORE HIM...

NOW THE REST OF THE GOLD IS *MINE*, GEORGE... *ALL OF IT!*

THEN HE DRAGS GEORGE'S BODY TO THE HOLLOW TREE...

AND THANK YOU FOR TELLING ME OF A NEAT WAY TO *DISPOSE* OF YOUR *BODY!* I'LL USE THE *KENYAN* METHOD... AND *SEAL* YOU INTO THIS *HOLLOW WEEPING-WILLOW!*

AMOS PROPS GEORGE'S CORPSE INTO THE HOLLOW OPENING IN THE TRUNK OF THE WILLOW TREE...

THERE! NICE AND COMFY, GEORGE!

AND SEALS THE OPENING WITH CEMENT...

THAT TAKES CARE OF THAT!

HEE, HEE! YEP! THAT TAKES CARE OF *GEORGE! NOW* FOR *AMOS!* THREE MONTHS LATER, A POWER-LAUNCH MOVES SLOWLY DOWN THE BARITO RIVER IN DUTCH BORNEO! IN IT IS A SINGLE PITH-HELMETED EXPLORER! UH-HUH! IT'S *AMOS!*

HEH, HEH! I'VE GOT OVER A *QUARTER MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF GOLD* THIS TIME! AND I'VE ONLY STRIPPED *HALF* THE ROOF!

ONE EVENING... SOME MONTHS AFTER GEORGE HAD RETURNED FROM BORNEO... HE IS STROLLING AROUND HIS VAST ESTATE, WHEN...

OH--OH! LOOKS LIKE A *STORM* COMING UP! I'D BETTER HEAD FOR *COVER!*

AMOS SCURRIES UNDER THE PROTECTIVE BRANCHES OF A TREE JUST AS A THUNDERBOLT EXPLODES OVERHEAD AND RAIN BEGINS TO POUR DOWN...

WHEW! MADE IT *JUST IN TIME!* THANK GOODNESS THIS TREE WAS *AWK!*

AMOS STARES HORRIFIED AT THE STRIP OF CEMENT IN THE TRUNK OF THE TREE...

OF ALL THE TREES AROUND, I HAD TO PICK *THIS* ONE!

SUDDENLY AMOS FEELS A COLD CHILL RUN UP HIS SPINE! A STRANGE SENSATION OF TERROR GRIPS HIM! HE PEERS OUT THROUGH THE HANGING BRANCHES OF THE WEEPING WILLOW, TEMPTED TO RUN! THEN HE FEELS SOMETHING ON HIS SHOULDER! IT SEEMS TO BE CRAWLING UP TOWARD HIS NECK...

WHAT THE...! OH! IT'S JUST A BRANCH...TOUCHING ME... I... I... *GOOD LORD!*

IT IS TOO LATE FOR AMOS TO RUN! THE BRANCH HAS ENCIRCLED HIS NECK! OTHERS COIL AROUND HIS WRISTS AND ARMS... HIS FACE AND CHEST...

OH MY GOD! HELP!

AAAAAAAAAAAH!

AMOS BEGINS TO *SCREAM* AS THE SNAKE-LIKE, ENTWINING BRANCHES BEGIN TO PULL AT HIM...LIFTING... *RIPPING... TEARING...*

EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

THE SCREAMS KEEP UP FOR SEVERAL MINUTES ... FADING OFF INTO WEAK SOBS, AND ENDING WITH A LAST RENDING SHRIEK! IN THE MORNING, THE SERVANTS FIND WHAT IS LEFT OF AMOS HALL...

HOW HORRIBLE!

PARTS OF HIS *BODY*... STREWN ABOUT THE *BRANCHES!*

I WONDER HOW IT *HAPPENED?*

HEE, HEE! *WE* KNOW HOW IT HAPPENED, EH, KIDDIES... *BY GEORGE!* WELL, ANYWAY, THAT GEORGE WAS *NO SAP!* HE *GRABBED* WHILE THE GRABBING WAS *GOOD!* HAD A *RIPPING GOOD TIME*, TOO! POOR AMOS! IF HE HADN'T KILLED GEORGE FOR THAT ROOF, GEORGE WOULDN'T HAVE HIT THE CEILING! NOW I'VE GOT TO GO! MUST MIX UP ANOTHER BREW FOR THE *CRYPT-KEEPER'S MAGAZINE, TALES FROM THE CRYPT!* 'BYE, NOW! BUY *'E.C.'* IT'S *EASY!* LOOK FOR THE E.C. SEAL!

YOU SAY IT'S A 45-MINUTE BUS TRIP, WITH A TRANSFER, TO THE COMIC BOOK SHOP? YOU SAY IT'S A HARROWING 30-MINUTE DRIVE ON THE EXPRESSWAY TO THE MALL, AND THEN A 30-MINUTE MERRY-GO-ROUND RIDE TO FIND A PARKING PLACE? YOU SAY YOUR TOWN DOESN'T EVEN **HAVE** A COMIC BOOK SHOP OR BOOKSTORE? IS THAT WHAT'S TROUBLING YOU, BUNKY? WELL, THEN, YOU SHOULD...

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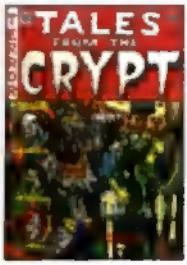

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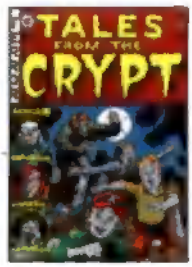

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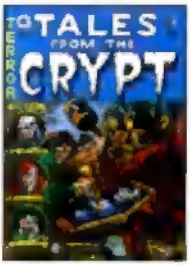

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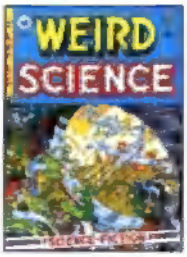

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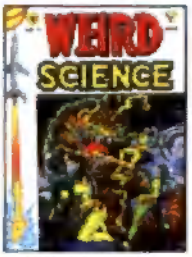

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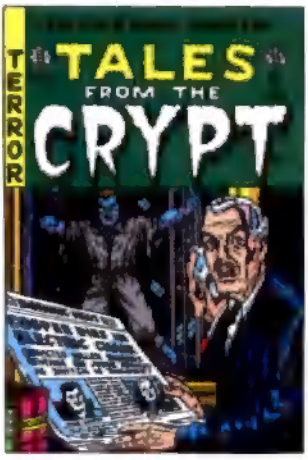

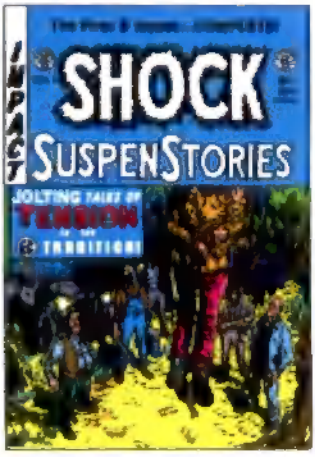

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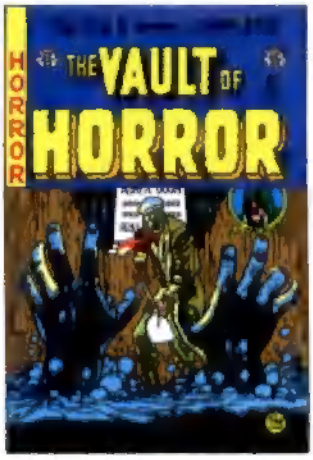

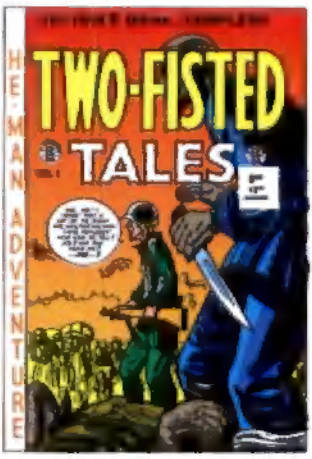

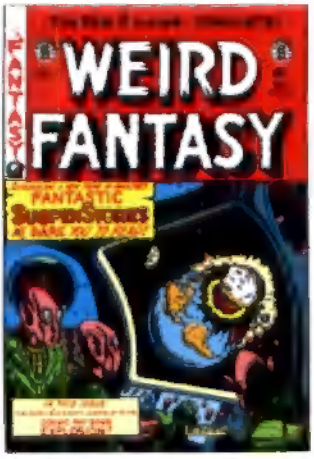

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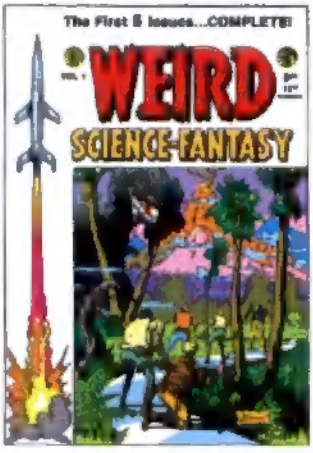

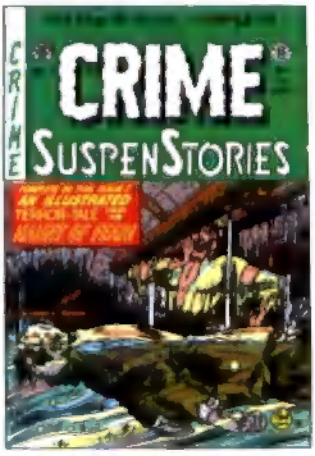

AVAILABLE 10/4/94

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